

"Success in Cartooning"

Other Features and Stories

Youth

For all young people who find living the most interesting thing in life

MARCH 1929

New
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Eyes that disregard the rain see the rainbow

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

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Features Next Month

"IN THE Eye of the Beholder," by *Emilie Loring*; A Visit and a Message from *Myrtle Fillmore*, with an excellent likeness of *Mrs. Fillmore*; "Fishing for Gold and Getting It," by the editor; "The High Ideals of Youth," in pictures; "His Side of It," a boy's description of the ideal modern girl, by *Aldis Dunbar*.

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Let's Talk It Over

By Ourselves

"If a Man Die—"

A WOMAN loved her husband very intensely; so intensely that he, or her love for him, dominated her whole life. Then, as has often been the case, she lost him. She died. I feel sure that she died, even though she did not quite lose her hold on the body. She continued to breathe, to eat, to move—but she died.

In my inexperience in such matters I thought, "Here is a great tragedy. Perhaps it is even an epic." My fancy pictured her moving about like some gentle wraith, thin, and pale, and silent; a woman of mystery, who would never be the warm, impulsive creature that she had been.

Time passed. I did not see her for two years. I was to meet her at a friend's home. I approached the meeting with something akin to awe, not daring to inquire about her condition beforehand. I tried to prepare myself for the meeting: I would ignore her great sorrow, her haunted looks, her sepulchral voice. I would assume that everything was all right, whatever that means.

Even so I was unprepared for the surprise I received at our meeting. Far from thin, gaunt, haunted, sepulchral, she was well-fed, plump, content, almost complacent, with a second husband of whom she was as fond as she had been of the first.

Many of us die many times during a life time, but after the mourning (and we are often our own sincerest mourners) the only thing to do is to live again. The way in which we go on living is possibly an index to that little understood part of us called the soul. Some of us go along as before, some of us are embittered, some of us are ennobled.

I do not see why the death through which we lose our bodies should be vastly different from these other deaths which we die so frequently, even "daily," as Paul said. It is inconceivable that losing our bodies should make a great change in us. Death might make it very inconvenient for us to indulge the physical side of our nature which comes in for so much pampering. It might bring us into some quite different environment (though I wonder if even death could bring us anything but that which by our very quality of thought and action we draw to us), and it might give us a new sense of values, and a new slant on our strengths and weaknesses; but that it would essentially change the real self of us is inconceivable.

In the body or out of the body, there is just one individual with whom we have to deal—and that one is self. We cannot escape self in this life or in the after life.

Unity literature says little about the after life, because Unity believes that the emphasis in God's plan for us is upon life in the body. This world is the scene of our overcomings. If we lose our bodies, we must build others through which to function, until as Jesus Christ did, we shall have learned to lift up our bodies rather than to give them up. Meantime all our emphasis should agree with God's. We should dwell upon life, and upon the present. "Now is the appointed time." Here is

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The Spirit of Resurrection

By Charles Fillmore

THE part played by the body of Jesus in His death, resurrection, and ascension is not generally understood. Death, in the accepted meaning of the word, was not fulfilled in His crucifixion.

Jesus did not, as popularly conceived, lose His life on the cross, because He raised again the body through which that life was manifested, both before and after the crucifixion. We certainly would not count a man dead who walked out of his tomb and appeared again and again to those who knew him. It is the popular concept that Jesus died as other people die and went to heaven. The fact that He resurrected His body is almost wholly overlooked. But the resurrection of the body of Jesus makes His apparent death unique and wholly different from the experiences of those who die and are buried.

It is taken for granted by nearly every one that Jesus' mortal body died, and that then God gave Him a spiritual body. But the record says that the resurrected body bore the marks of the crucifixion—that it was that identical body. We must conclude that Jesus immortalized the flesh. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality," said Paul.

Jesus' resurrection is not a miracle in the light of modern science. Yet modern science has not connected it with the recent discoveries of the electronic nature of matter. Our men of science have not inquired into the transformation that took place in the body of Jesus at the resurrection and ascension. They now tell us that the atom can be stripped and its energy released, but they have not yet discovered that Jesus did that very thing with all the atoms of His body. Thus Jesus anticipated science by nearly 2,000 years.

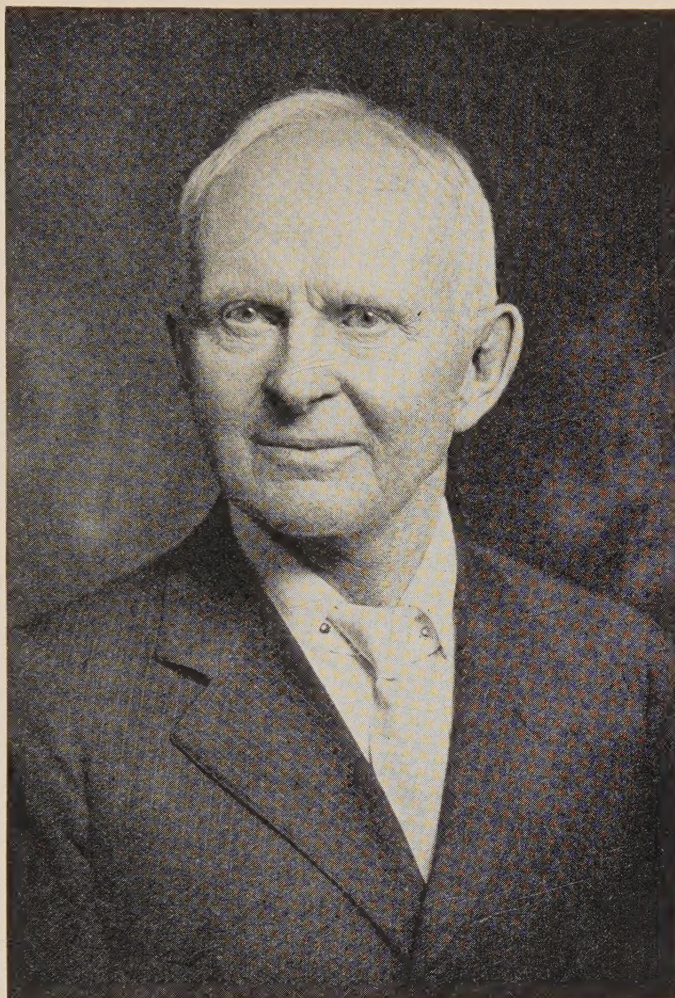
Modern science has not connected the resurrection of Jesus with atomic law because it has not dawned on even its most progressive savants that mind is sublimated electricity. When science makes this discovery the study of mind and matter will go hand in hand. Then the mysteries and so-called miracles of religion will be cleared up and the law under which they work will be made plain. The fundamental laws of being are never broken, hence the popular concept of miracles is a misconception.

There is an intimate relation between the mind and the electrons of the body. A developed soul like Jesus understands this relation and regulates the activities of his mind in such a way that all atomic clashing is eliminated. Every thought generates an electric current in the body, constructive or destructive. Jesus understood this law and He cast out all the demons of destruction.

Jesus overcame the lusts of the flesh mind, which corrode the body and finally destroy it. He set up currents of order and law in His body that can be incorporated into the bodies of all men. "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, he that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies."—Rom. 8:11.

Jesus carried to the cross the power to overcome the destructive energies of the mind on the body. He harmonized His thought with divine mind so thoroughly that death had no power over Him.

Jesus raised the atomic body to the electronic body, and He functions in that body today right here in our midst.



MOORE STUDIO

CHARLES FILLMORE

Recently Charles Fillmore and the editor of *Youth* magazine might have been seen entering a photographer's studio together. The occasion was to get a photograph of Mr. Fillmore to accompany the article on the opposite page, which he wrote especially for *Youth* readers.

One does not have to be a character analyst to read in Mr. Fillmore's face the many qualities which have brought him recognition as one of the foremost metaphysicians of the day. Spirituality? Yes, but wisdom, judgment, kindness, firmness, and humor also. It is good to be able to detect these qualities in another, but it is even better to emulate them, as he would probably tell you, smilingly.

As president and cofounder of Unity School of Christianity, Mr. Fillmore is directing one of the most noteworthy developments of this modern time, a spiritual ideal which has been given substantial and successful form in the Unity organization, employing nearly five hundred persons, and serving possibly two and one half million students throughout the world.

An Apartment for Della

Della Decides Twice

By Ida Alexander

THERE was a defiant light in Della Baldwin's eyes as she came into the brightly lighted kitchen, with its air of welcome, its appetizing odors. The day at work had been an unusually hard one. She had had to cling to a strap all of the way home. There were a dozen other grievances that she couldn't recall at the moment. And her news to break.

"A hard day, dear?" her mother asked.

"Very hard," Della answered shortly.

"Well, never mind. You're home now. Father is working late, and Ted won't be here. Slip an apron over your dress and sit right up. I'm not going to have you wait a minute on anyone."

Della ate the meal in silence. Her mother sat at table with her, but did not eat.

"I'll wait for Father," she said.

"I suppose I should have——" began Della.

"Indeed, no, poor child. You're tired. And Father said for none of us to wait on him."

With her mother hovering about her, passing this and that, replenishing her cup, Della found speech harder than she had thought it would be. It had seemed easy enough when the girls at work had talked.

"You're a sap," Mame Kinney had told her, "taking that long trip every night. What do you get out of it? And there's Eleanor, with half of that perfectly gorgeous apartment for you! You won't get a chance like that soon again. Babe Leason's wild for it. You're a fool if you don't snap into it, if you ask me."

The others had said much the same. Della had almost agreed. But not quite.

"I have to tell Mother first," she said, to the laughing chorus of the others.

"Imagine!" they cried. "Just think of having to ask! Why——"

It nettled Della.

"Mother always lets us do what we like," she said. "But I'll tell her before I decide."

At the same time, she knew that her de-

cision was made. She was tired of it at home. Living so far out was hard if she wanted to go anywhere at night. The thought of being free like Eleanor and the other girls was sweet to her.

Her father came before she had finished dinner, and the talk drifted miles away from the subject that she had in mind. She was sorry that she hadn't spoken while she and her mother were alone, but she brought it out at last, as nonchalantly as she could.

"I've an offer to take part of an apartment with one of the girls," she said. "It would do away with this long trip each night. What do you think of it, Mother? And you, Father? Don't you think it would be a good plan? The trip is really hard, after a long day."

There wasn't a second's pause between question and reply. Her mother had been prepared for just that speech for some time. It was but the natural outcome of her association with the other girls, her mother knew. She had seen the rebellion, the dissatisfaction, in Della's eyes for some time, and knew what it boded. So she was able to speak calmly, cheerfully.

"Why, just as you like, dear. The trip is a long one——"

"But home's at the end of it," put in her father. "It never seems long to me."

"But to be right in the city, in the midst of things is nice," argued Della. "And Eleanor has the loveliest apartment that I can share. I thought if I could get away by tomorrow——"

"Why, of course, Della, we can manage that," said her mother at once. "I've most of your things mended and done up. You can pack while I do the dishes."

DELLA packed her dainty belongings, finding evidence of her mother's care as she did so. There was the blouse, badly faded, which she had dipped into service once more. The skirt she had turned and pressed. The sweater she had darned so skillfully that it was as good as new. Nothing forgotten, every-

thing in order. Della praised her mother to herself with a swift hug of the orchid sweater. The defiance had died from her gray eyes. They were tender with thoughts of her mother.

"I hope she won't miss me—much," she said to herself.

She rather dreaded the leaving next morning, but she found that she had no

"They make them quite good in the restaurants," said her mother. "Besides, I hope you intend to come to see us sometimes."

"Why, sure!" cried Della. "Why, sure, Mother."

Della went up to view the new apartment at noontime with Eleanor. It was spick-and-span as the girls had said. The rooms were small indeed compared to the generous sized ones that Della had known all her life, but everything was shining and new. She laughed out loud at the kitchenette.



"We've a bid to the sticks, Eleanor," she said carelessly.

reason to do so. Her mother was her usual cheerful self, bustling about, helping Della to get ready. She had found time to make waffles, too. Della exclaimed at sight of them.

"You shouldn't have gone to all that work, Mother, on such a busy morning. No one makes waffles like you do. I'll not get that kind where I'm going."

"How'll we ever get enough to eat here?" she asked Eleanor.

"Teeney, isn't it?" agreed Eleanor, "but it's that much less work to do. We'll just do light cooking, of course. I can make good fudge, and that's about all."

"I can cook a bit," said Della. "I guess we won't starve. And we can eat out sometimes. I think it's wonderful."

"Marvelous!" agreed Eleanor, without enthusiasm.

DELLA never had been as anxious for a day to pass as this one. She could hardly wait to take her way to the new place. She planned menus all day—and made more than one mistake in consequence. At last, when leaving time arrived, it was pleasant to saunter the few blocks to the apartment instead of rushing wildly for a car and standing half of the time. The two girls “window shopped” as they went along. Then went into a market and bought the wherewithal for the evening meal.

Della, feeling very important, donned an apron and began dinner preparations, while Eleanor watched her with interested eyes. The meal was ready at last, though not such a triumph as she had hoped. The potatoes were a little underdone and the coffee over. But they ate with a relish and much laughter.

They washed the few dishes and then went to a moving picture show. The apartment seemed chilly when they returned. Della shivered as she took off her coat. Eleanor, more experienced, rang for the janitor and complained.

The wall bed was comfortable enough, but somehow Della found it difficult to go to sleep. She could see her little white bedroom, the windows wide, letting in breaths of the sweet-scented air. Eleanor had vetoed her suggestion about opening the windows. “Goodness, no!” she had cried. “What if robbers came! Just the two of us. I’d be scared to death. There’s been so much of that lately.”

“We never think of that at home,” sighed Della. “All the windows are wide open, night and day. Sometimes even the door isn’t locked.”

“Well, you can’t do that way in the city,” said Eleanor.

The unaccustomed noise, too, was distasteful to Della. It had been so quiet at home. She kept seeing the little group that gathered around the fire at night, the books, the light and warmth, her mother’s face.

“I’m not homesick! I’m not, I’m not!” she said to herself, sobbing a little.

But she was bright enough in the morning. It was wonderful to lie quietly in bed, instead of getting up at half past six and rushing around to catch the half past seven car. If she missed that she was late.

Now she could stay in bed till eight. “Or even half past eight,” she thought, drowsily. “We won’t cook much breakfast—”

She was awakened by Eleanor shaking her.

“Hurry up! Hurry up!” she cried. “We’ve overslept. We won’t have time for breakfast. We can just make it and no more.”

Before noontime came, Della had a blinding headache. Never before in her eighteen years had she gone without breakfast. After lunch her headache disappeared, but she felt languid and tired.

“I’m willing to call it a day,” she thought, as quitting time neared. “We’ll go to bed early and get a good night’s rest.” But Eleanor had other plans.

“We’ve a bid to a dance,” she said. “We won’t have much time for cooking. We’d best go out for

dinner instead of trying to cook tonight. We’ll have more time to doll up.”

At the apartment Della found a letter from her mother. She seized it eagerly. But, in spite of the tenderness with which it was written, it left her disappointed. Her mother and father were to be away for the week-end. She hadn’t decided whether to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday at home, but she felt aggrieved that there would be no one there to welcome her if she did.

“Ted is to be away,” her mother wrote, “so there’s really no need for us to stay at home. We’re going to spend the time with your Aunt Millie. The following Sunday they’re all to come to us. So do not worry about us being lonely, dear child. We expect to be quite gay—not that we don’t miss you every minute.”

Today

By MARY POLLARD TYNES

SO golden is each hour
And exquisite
That we should choose each
thought and deed
To harmonize with it.
And we should laugh and lift,
And so prepare
Our hearts, by love, to give
each one
We meet a deal full square.

It was late when they got back to the apartment. Della awakened at her usual time. She did not dare to go to sleep again. She arose shortly, bathed and dressed. She cooked breakfast and called Eleanor in good season.

The days went on as usual. The nights in gay fashion. Often the next day Della could hardly keep her eyes open. She wrote glowing letters to her mother. But she sighed sometimes as she detailed the good times she was having.

In return her mother wrote her all the homely home news: of how Ted had got three "A's" in one month and was very puffed up about it; of the trips that she and Father had been on, the ones they planned to take; all about the flowers that were in bloom or about to bloom; how the cat, Little Memo, had adopted a strange kitten and was making much over it; how Jack, the dog, loved the rides in the car. Never a word about when Della was to come home for a visit.

"It's like they'd cast me off," she thought.

She battled awhile with her pride. Then poured out her heart in a note to her mother.

"It seems as if you never have time for me to come," she finished.

The answer came at once with a special delivery stamp on it.

"Why, darling," her mother wrote, "come any time, of course. There's nothing we wouldn't put off to see our girl. Just let us know ahead so we'll be sure to be here. I'd have asked you long ago, only I had an idea when you left, Della, that you wanted to be free from any restraint that home ties might put upon you."

Della reddened as she read. How well Mother had understood what was in her mind at the time—perhaps at all times! One of Della's thoughts upon leaving had been: "I hope they don't expect me

to come whenever I've a minute off!" It seemed a long time since she had thought that. She had meant it at the time, but here she was asking for the very invitation that she had dreaded to have thrust upon her. She had a strange feeling of the instability of things. As if the world rocked and she rocked with it. But home—home still stood the same, welcoming arms extended. She was glad that a postscript included Eleanor in the invitation.

"Not that she'd care to go to such a dead place," Della thought. "Nobody would." And then she added with a touch of self revelation, "Nobody but me. I'm crazy to go."



The answer came at once.

SHE did not give Eleanor the letter to read, but she told her of the invitation. She tried to bring it out as the other girls would have done, feeling a little ashamed as she spoke.

"We've a bid to the Sticks, Eleanor," she said, carelessly. Don't suppose you'll want to come, but I thought I'd tell you."

"Where?" queried Eleanor.

"To my old home. It's not much of a place, but——"

Eleanor's face lighted up.

"I'd love to go," she said, "but we're

dated up for next week. Then comes the last week of the month. I'm stony broke. How're you?"

"The same," Della confessed, ruefully. "We'll have to wait till after pay day. I'll write Mother."

She did not write the reason for not coming sooner. She was ashamed to tell her mother that money seemed to take to itself wings: that she was forced to borrow little sums from time to time; that her laundry cost more than her carfare once had done; that her argument about living being cheaper in the city was not proving itself to be true. She

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Success in Cartooning

By Freeman H. Hubbard



SUCCESS in the cartoon field is more a matter of mental attitude than of drawing ability. Most persons can learn to draw fairly well, but only a small proportion of those who draw are cartoonists, because the technic of drawing is more or less mechanical, whereas cartooning calls for a specialized type of mind, the mind that can see further than the eye. If you draw only what crosses your range of vision it would be a waste of time to take up cartooning.

No school in the world can teach you creative imagination; the best it can do is to help you to cultivate that priceless faculty.

The cartoonist's chief stock in trade is his original slant on life. He sees humorous or dramatic situations where a less acute mind discerns only the commonplace.

The furrowed brow of the sage gives him mental pictures of Father Time with his scythe, the hour-glass, the last rose of summer, an ivy covered ruin, sunset, the end of the trail. He visualizes the pathway of life, beginning at the cradle, reaching on through childhood and youth, the glamour of love, the dignity of parenthood, the sense of joy in a race well run, the serenity of twilight with the after-glow of memories.

He feels these things vividly, understandingly, and interprets them in a way that every one can grasp. He must first glimpse pictures beyond the power of drawing, else he will never raise a laugh or a tear with his pen strokes. Another passer-by glances at an old man but sees only a weak, homely, and uninteresting person. He lacks creative imagination.

The first requisite of a cartoonist, then, is ability to look beyond the obvious. That ability is far more vital than dexterity in drawing. It is, in fact, an essential for success in any trade or profession.

Clare A. Briggs, one of America's foremost human-interest cartoonists, has

written a book on cartooning in which he says that Foster Coates, a famous editor, "gave me a bit of counsel that I have never forgotten, and it has always proved of constant value to me.

"He said: 'Never be satisfied with the first idea that occurs to you. Cast it aside and think of another. Then cast the second aside and the third; and keep up this process of elimination until you are sure you have the best idea possible on that particular subject.' It was sound logic. Mr. Coates claimed that the first idea is the idea that would naturally come into



Fontaine Fox, creator of the Toonerville Trolley.

the mind of anybody. It would be the obvious one—an idea lacking in distinction.

"It is the obvious idea that I wish to

warn against. The obvious idea lacks the punch. It is hollow in its humor."

The second requisite of a cartoonist is a well-developed sense of humor.

Broadly speaking, there are two classes of cartoonists, comic artists and editorial cartoonists. The former includes those who draw comic strips and humorous illustrations. Their chief purpose is to entertain, to scatter sunshine on a world that is too often drab and dark.

Among them are Bud Fisher, who is reputed to earn \$250,000 a year with his "Mutt and Jeff"; Mr. Briggs, George McManus, R. L. Goldberg, Harry Tut-hill, Sidney Smith, Fontaine Fox, Gene Byrnes, Percy Crosby, and dozens of others whose comic strips may be seen in the newspapers of the country.

The chief aim of editorial cartoonists is to influence public opinion. They are a mighty force for human progress. Their work may be either amusing or serious, but their purpose is always serious. To them the cartoon is a weapon of attack. They are crusaders against the stuffed ballot box, adulterated food, the slums, reckless driving, extravagance, graft, an obsolete sewer system, the legal red tape which obstructs justice, and a thousand other local and national evils which cry for remedy. The work of such cartoonists promotes civic betterment movements, Red Cross drives, clean politics, and the other ideals of democracy.

Probably the greatest editorial cartoonist in the world's history was the late Thomas Nast, who originated the Republican elephant, the Democratic donkey, the Tammany tiger, and other political symbols.

The editorial cartoonist must have a feeling for the dramatic and a sense of humor. In order to mold public opinion he must present his message in a form which even a dull mind can comprehend. The most effective method is what lawyers call "laughing a case out of court." Cervantes did this in "Don Quixote" when he held up feudalism to ridicule. The truth is driven home by means of caricature, and who can refute caricature?

A certain corrupt New York politician was overthrown and jailed largely through the influence of Nast's cartoons, and he was more afraid of those car-



Thomas Nast, by himself.

toons than of the editorials which denounced his misrule.

"I don't care what the papers print about me," he said angrily. "My constituents can't read, but they can see pictures!"

The third requirement of a cartoonist is talent for drawing. This talent can be developed through residence schools, correspondence courses, private tutors, or books, but in every case the student must practice both regularly and irregularly, in season and out of season, drawing, drawing, drawing, all the time.

There is no short cut to cartooning fame. Even though the power to create original ideas is immeasurably more valuable to a cartoonist than the ability to draw well, good draftsmanship is important, too; and the only way to acquire it is by laborious effort.

Thus it follows that the fourth requirement of a cartoonist is capacity for hard work, coupled with will power and persistence, or whatever you choose to

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Divine Guidance Needed

Declares President-elect Herbert Hoover



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD PHOTOS

"I can make no adequate expression of gratitude for the overwhelming confidence of our people, who without regard to section or interest have selected me for President of the whole United States.

"There has been a vindication of great issues and a determination of the true road of progress. . . .

"In this hour there can be for me no feeling of victory or exultation. Rather it imposes a sense of solemn responsibility of the future and of complete dependence upon divine guidance for the task which the greatest office in the world imposes.

"That task is to give the best within me to interpret the common sense and the ideals of the American people.

"I can only succeed in my part by the coöperation and unity of all leaders of opinion and of action for the common service of our country."

—Herbert Hoover.

Allan Hoover, receiving the news that his father was elected President of the United States, and below, his parents, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jr.



Sandsy's Rebellion

Sandsy and Larry Are Introduced to the "Look-see"

By Gardner Hunting

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Of the conflict between the O. G. and the Y. G. (the older generation and the younger generation), of the older and presumably wiser generation's baffling evasions on "hush-hush" subjects, and of a series of exciting events centering around Hazelhurst High, Sandsy began writing in last month's installment of his story. The whole train of events began, outwardly at least, that memorable morning when Professor Pryor began a sarcastic harangue against Sandsy. Sandsy's pal, Larry, comes to his defense. The boys apparently win the verbal battle, but are left uncertain of their standing as students. Matters are complicated by the fact that Sandsy's distinguished and wealthy father is away and cannot be reached for advice.

Chapter II

WRITING it down now, as well as I can remember, some of it sounds worse than silly. Of course, all that has happened since makes me see it quite differently from the way I saw it then. But I know that while Pryor rapped for order and began paning the gang for applauding "a disgraceful exhibition," Larry and I walked out.

"I wonder what the school board will say?" I said, as we got our hats.

"Oh, well!" Larry came back with his O. G. tone, as if this covered the whole case—as if he said: "They'll say what the Older Generation always says."

I thought just at that minute of a wonderful chance to strike the first blow at Pryor. I knew he would make all the trouble for me he could, and I was angry enough to think that if he was going to make trouble, I'd give him some reason. I still had in mind what the school would think. I took hold of Larry's arm and led him out the door.

"Come on," I said. "We'll print the whole story in the Hazelnut!"

"Oh, boy!" Larry crowed. "Holy sailor, but that'll have a stinger in it!"

I was the editor that year of the Hazelnut, our school paper at Hazelhurst High. I won't say I'm proud of the name, but it is like a lot of high school papers—and university papers, too—just

intended to kid everything. So the name fits well enough. To print in that paper the story of what had happened that morning, the way Larry and I could write it, would give us an advantage over Pryor. The Hazelnut was due to come out Saturday, and this was Thursday.

It seemed like a chance that was handed to us. We both got excited about it. So, instead of going home as we had meant to do, we started down town, talking it over. Our high school paper is printed at the office of the only Hazelhurst newspaper we have, the Beacon; and we had the use of a table in the front part of the shop for our editorial work. Our idea was to go there and write an account of what had happened, have it set up in type at once, and rush it into the Hazelnut without any one else knowing about it in advance.

I DON'T know when I had been so keen about a thing. Pryor had meant to be as nasty as he knew how and I could find no excuse for him. I didn't try very hard, I'll admit. But I'll have to admit, too, that as we talked about it, walking along the street, I knew perfectly well that what he had done that morning was only part of what made me feel so. I knew that I had just about hated him anyway and that I wasn't sorry he'd done something I thought gave me ground for real complaint. I couldn't



—putting it on the linotype hook.

get rid of the sense that I hadn't behaved any too well. I'm not afraid of my father, but when Dad is home he doesn't let me get away with much without thinking about it. He has a way of just asking questions that make you squirm. And he's done it so often to me that I can never do anything out of the ordinary when he's away without hearing questions such as he would ask if he knew the situation. If you think

that sort of questions can't tangle you up when you're planning to do something you're not sure of, try having some one make you explain your reasons for a thing you do.

One reason I know the fellows care more about being square and decent than some *O. G.'s*. believe, is that most of them find the questions Dad asks such stumpers. If the fellows didn't have any standards of their own the questions

wouldn't bother them. If Dad had been home, I would have told him what had happened. Not because he would do anything about it. He wouldn't. He never does a thing about anything that happens to me until he has made me try to handle it first. That is, of course, if it is anything I can handle at all. Sometimes I used to think it was hard lines when he would just sit back and make me tell him what I thought should be done, and then simply nod and leave me to do it. When that happens to you often enough, you can't help sort of adopting the method yourself. And of course that's what Dad is after. But the trouble with most of us fellows is that we get to thinking sometimes that all the standards we've been taught are made only for saints or mollycoddles and goody-goodies; that it's the clever chap who gets by; and that anything you can get away with is O. K. Nobody ever preaches that stuff at us, but, as I said, many of the "preachers" live that way. And plenty of people admire the chap who puts things over—things that don't square at all with moral rules. You can see that in any newspaper.

Then there's another thing. It's funny, isn't it, that nearly every one will say that the rules are all to the good as rules, but that nearly every one is ashamed to say he is keeping them? I wonder why it is? They say it's great to be noble, but nobody wants to be caught at it! It makes us think that the reason every one feels that way is that nobody really *is* on the level, so that any sign of trying to be is just naturally set down as a bluff. It makes you squirm to have to admit that your motives for doing a thing are not all pure and unselfish. But to have any one *accuse* you of motives like that! Oh, boy! It's easy to see why you get sick of the whole thing and just think you'll go out and get yours while the getting is good. When some one has handed you a raw deal the way Pryor handed it to me, then all your ideas get shaken up and you think it isn't worth while to do or be anything, except to get even. Every fellow goes through that, and gets confused about things.

BUT even while I was planning with Larry to hand Pryor some hot stuff in the Hazelnut, I was arguing with my-

self about it. I could imagine how I could make the gang laugh and say it was a slick way to get even. I could imagine Pryor all cut up at finding out that he surely had started something when he tackled me. There was a kick in the idea that the people of the town would have to sit up and recognize that the Y. G. was not to be walked on and was capable of going to the mat—afraid of nothing, and all that—that we, too, had to be respected. But I had qualms—misgivings, I guess they'd be called. There was something the matter with what I was scheming, only I wouldn't admit it. I just argued that unless I carried on this fight to a finish, even to getting an undesirable principal out of the High, it would be because I was a coward, afraid of disturbing the peace. And I got a thrill out of the thought of being the one who had the nerve to make an issue with Pryor "for the good of the school." It wasn't really arguing at all; the thoughts simply came and went and answered each other.

Yet all the while I was going ahead and doing the thing I had thought of doing, without actually deciding to do it. Do you know that feeling? The feeling of being unable to make up your mind whether a thing is what you want to do or not, and of thinking that any minute you may decide not to do it, and of just going on with it, regardless? That's perversity, isn't it? And you wonder afterwards what possessed you.

So Larry and I wrote an article for the Hazelnut, although I can't lay much of it to Larry. This is a copy of it:

STUDENT'S RIGHTS

The editor of the Hazelnut was this morning attacked in assembly by the principal of Hazelhurst High and accused of being a snob, a prig, a cad, and a few more such choice things.

The occasion for the attack was a seeming lack of attention on said editor's part to one of Mr. Pryor's moral homilies. As a matter of fact, ye editor was listening, and has regularly listened to Mr. Pryor sufficiently to be led to suppose that Mr. Pryor holds certain standards of courtesy, honesty, and fair play. He says he does, often enough. But Mr. Pryor showed no evidence of possessing these standards this morning. He started out to take the skin off ye editor, and it would have come off, and would have been hung up to dry, if he had had his way.

But it is a habit of our "esteemed" principal to make attacks more or less of this nature. In other words, he has done similar things before. This is not the first time the shafts of his clever sarcasm have been turned against ye editor. In fact, in the vulgar parlance of the student body, Mr. Pryor has appeared to "have it in for" this particular student. And this particular student suddenly arrived this morning at the point of being, vulgarly speaking, "fed up" with Mr. Pryor's ways. He said so—with the result that he and his next friend, who manfully stood by him in the fray, were ordered out of the room, with a veiled threat (thinly veiled) that they were to be expelled.

Ye editor is frank enough to say that he doesn't like this treatment, and franker to say that he doesn't like Mr. Pryor. He is disposed to make an issue of this affair. Maybe he will be expelled; and then again, maybe he will not be. Maybe the school board wants its principal at High to ride students roughshod with his sarcasm—on which he so greatly prides himself—and then, on the other hand, maybe the school board wants nothing of the kind. It is just possible the school board expects its principal to be an example of what he teaches! Let's just see.

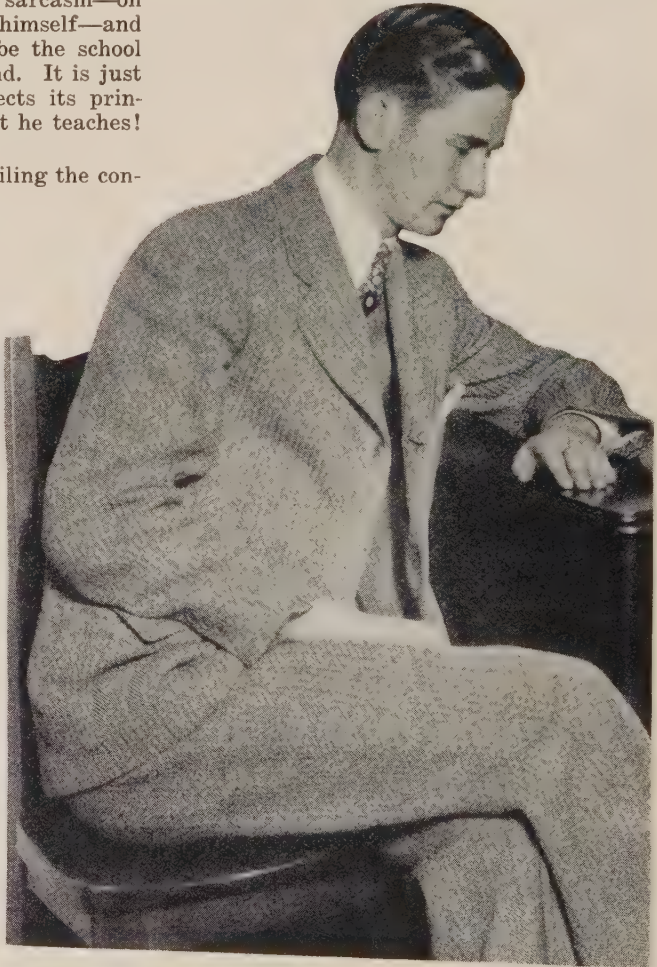
Ye editor refrains from detailing the controversy which passed between himself and his friend, and our gifted principal. Any student present at assembly this morning can relate what was said—more gracefully than can any of the principals. But ye editor herewith announces that he considers that the things said to him were insulting. If he were the only student who had suffered at the hands—or rather the tongue—of Principal Pryor, it would be a purely personal matter. But he respectfully calls the attention of members of the school board to this case as a sample of the present principal's methods, and simply asks whether the board is satisfied with those methods.

It is fair to remark that Mr. Pryor's moral homilies are excellent. He frequently tells us that we should be models of honor, truth, and courtesy. Doubtless we should be. Perhaps however, he might not be so ready to suspect that we do

not listen to him, if he himself really knew the meaning of the ideas he is trying to instill in us. Certainly he rarely shows any first-hand acquaintance with them. And ye editor feels that, for the good of the school, he is justified in using this ready-made opportunity to say so.

I WAS thrilled with the idea that this was red hot stuff. I wanted it to be. I knew I was going farther than at first I had had any idea of going; and here and there I tucked in a sentence to soften or to justify the thing. I was a little afraid that it sounded kiddish in places, but I liked the words I could use, too. I thought the idea of admitting that I had some personal feeling but was still making my fight for the good of the school, would make a hit. It was the kind of thing that usually got a hand.

Larry said it was great. But all



—took something out of his

the time I was copying it out and putting it on the linotype hook to be set up and afterwards when I read the proof, I hadn't really decided to go through with it. That perverse streak just carried me on. I could have drawn back—killed the stuff any minute—but I didn't kill it. I let it go through—and went home that night not half realizing that it was actually done.

Of course, as Dad was not home, there was no one to tell. We have a housekeeper, Mrs. Mellon, and Nora, the cook, and a couple of men on the place. But Nora is the only one I ever talk to about things, and she would not understand this; so I didn't say anything.

If you have read the other stories about Larry and me written by my

friend, you know that we live in a big place in a suburb of New York City. It is only a half hour by train into the Pennsylvania station, so that we go into New York often and people come out to see us. Of course we didn't go to school Friday. We went down and put the Hazelnut to press to be mailed Saturday. One of the printers razzed us—I mean had things to say—about the article on Mr. Pryor. But he didn't like Pryor either, and said he hoped we'd get him

(Turn to page 23)



pocket and laid it on the table.



KEYSTONE VIEW PHOTO

Over the top



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD PHOTOS

Traveling the sky ways

High of Y

THE upward urge of
partial expression
the heights, which be
spirit's indwelling.



KEYSTONE VIEW PHOTO

At Brighton beach

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KEYSTONE VIEW PHOTO

Breaking a record



KEYSTONE VIEW PHOTO

At a Rugby game



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD PHOTOS

On Mt. Blanc

Thought Stretchers

Carpenter

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

TODAY I watched a carpenter
As he worked with his wood,
And oh, the fragrance of the pine
Was more than passing good!

I watched him toil with plane and saw,
And, through the open door,
I saw the shavings fall like gold
Upon the sunlit floor.

He was a lad, but in his eyes
I glimpsed a mist of tears,
And in his face my heart beheld
The anguish of the years.

Then lo, I was in Nazareth
Beneath the olive tree,
And Mary's Son dreamed, at His task,
Of cross-crowned Calvary!

When a Boy Prays

WHEN a boy prays he is not bound
to certain locations. He starts at
the bedside and ends most anywhere. He
has learned that "neither in this moun-
tain nor yet in Jerusalem" must men
worship. We need hallowed places of
prayer. The cathedral and church are
forever dedicated to the communion of
the finite with the infinite. But places
of prayer are to be found everywhere.
Altars are innumerable. Boys know this.
Men have forgotten.

—Don D. Tullis.

Good Morning!

"WITH His gay camaraderie
I saw God raise His hand to me.
Five poplar fingers on a hill
Waved so blithely o'er the sill
Of His horizon window blue,
I laughed and called, 'The same to You!'"

—Selected.

Dependable

ONE thing we know about the moral
law: it operates; for us if we will;
against us if it must; but it operates.
—Henry Ford.

The Greatest Help

"WHEN you've got your back against
the wall, then you're in the best
possible position to win a fight against
odds. You know there is something solid
behind you. And when you arrive at a
point where you have to say, 'There's
no help for me,' and you really mean
there isn't any help for you but God,
you're where you can get the greatest
help there is. Then's the time to ask
for it, and believe that you'll get it.
You've got to—there isn't anything else
left to do. Take a chance—put your
trust in whatever it is that makes you
breathe when you're asleep."

Mr. Harkness' idea of God . . . was not
exactly like everybody's. In fact, he did
not picture a benign and somewhat
elderly gentleman sitting on a splendid
throne, as I think some of us do, but in-
stead he imagined an ocean of power en-
veloping everything. Each individual
was merely a drop in that ocean, a part
of the tremendous scheme of things.
"And the only drops in the ocean that
have any trouble are the ones that try
to go against the tides. They don't
change the tides any, but they frequently
get pretty badly flattened out themselves
before they decide to travel with destiny."
—Frank R. Adams; *Red Book Magazine*.

The Wise Builder

EXCEPT Jehovah build the house,
They labor in vain that build it:
Except Jehovah keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

—Psalm 127:1.

Live in the New Day

WHY should you keep your head over
your shoulder? Why drag about
this corpse of your memory, lest you con-
tradict somewhat you have stated in this
or that public place? Suppose you
should contradict yourself; what then?
It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to
rely on your memory alone, scarcely even
in acts of pure memory, but to bring
the past for judgment into the thousand-
eyed present, and live ever in a new day.
—Emerson.

Grin Stretchers

Modest

We think the prize for courteous repartee was won by Thackeray, as related by Brander Matthews in an article in *The Century*. "When he was standing for Parliament, he happened to meet his opponent one day, who, after chatting amicably, left the great novelist with the remark, 'May the best man win!' To which Thackeray returned instantly, 'Oh, I hope not.'"—*The Christian Register*.

It Sounds Well

"Yes, sir! I'm going to get the game on the little old radio, play by play, better than you could see it, with the singing and cheering thrown in but without the discomfort of the crowds, the long trip to college, and sitting in the cold all afternoon."

"I couldn't get tickets either."—*Life*.

Genius

Dust lay thickly on the grand piano, completely spoiling its usually shining surface.

So the mistress called the maid and after scolding her severely about her general slackness, pointed to the piano and exclaimed:

"And what have you to say to this?" And she wrote her name in the dust.

"Well," gasped the maid "ain't education wonderful!"

Consolation, Anyhow

He—"Dearest, will you marry me?"

She—"No, I can never marry you Jack, but I shall always respect your good taste."

—*Montreal Star*.

A Serious Condition

"How's your insomnia, Riley?"

"Worse and worse. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up."

—*The Pathfinder*.

More Thoughtful Now

"When I was young," said Aunt Jane, "girls never thought of doing the things they do today."

"That's probably why they didn't do them."

—*Selected*.

Not Worth the Trouble

"Reggie is lost in thought."

"Yes, but I don't believe he's worth a relief expedition."—*The American Boy*.

Fair Enough

A Sunday school teacher had been lecturing her class on virtue and its subsequent reward.

"Now tell me," she said, "what sort of people will wear the biggest crowns when they go to heaven?"

"Them with the biggest heads," answered the bright pupil.

—*Weekly Scotsman*.

Or an Economist

"Who invented the hole in the doughnut?"

"Oh, some fresh-air fiend, I suppose."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

Slight Error

Diner—"Waiter, there's a needle in my soup."

Waiter (ex-printer)—"Typographical error, sir; it should be a noodle."—*Selected*.

Too Remote Control

Bagpipe music was broadcast recently. Lots of people, says Passing Show, took their sets to pieces in an endeavor to locate the trouble.—*The American Boy*.

Which Shall I Say?



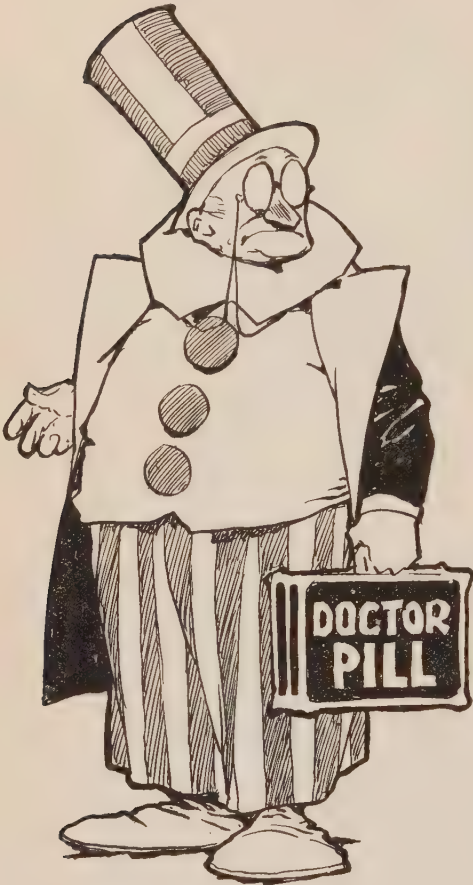
"The world owes me a living,"

OR—

"I owe my best to the world."

Success in Cartooning

(Continued from page 11)



From an original drawing by Winsor McKay, famous imaginative artist.

call it. He must not only visualize each cartoon before he puts a pencil to the paper, but he must keep firmly in his

mind a vision of the ultimate goal he is heading for, and must bend all his efforts in that direction.

A few cartoonists with unusually clever ideas have succeeded in spite of poor draftsmanship, but skill in wielding the pen has never yet made a successful cartoonist out of a man who had to depend on some one else for ideas. The ideal combination is a fertile brain and a well trained hand.

Some youths labor under the delusion that caricature is merely poor drawing. Nothing could be further from the truth. You must master the fundamentals of form, anatomy, perspective, composition, and Ben Day, in order to caricature most effectively, just as a boy should familiarize himself with the breast stroke and the crawl before he tries fancy diving.

Although successful cartoonists are well paid, and remuneration above \$50,000 a year is not uncommon, their greatest satisfaction is the consciousness of work well done, the joy of self-expression, the feeling that they are an influence for good in the community or throughout the country, that they help to mold the minds of fellow beings, that they bring mirth into somber lives, and that they have a wide following of friends who are watching their work. It is a thrilling sense of power and a sacred responsibility.

Even the amateur cartoonist has a talent which provides an outlet for his ideas, entertains his friends, sharpens his wits, and aids in the development of character.

"If a Man Die—"

(Concluded from page 3)

the appointed place. All that we ever expect to attain must be reached from where we now are. The Chinese have a proverb which says in effect: "A journey of a thousand miles must be taken one step at a time."

We live in a universe of law; there is nothing that has ever come under the observation of man to justify him in thinking that that law is not all-pervading. The law is just and also beneficent. These facts should put us at ease in regard to what happens after death. None of us can answer the question more definitely than that, for our answer means little to another person, even though we may feel that we have solved the mystery for ourselves by inward revelation. One of God's blessings is that we must solve it for ourselves.

Sandsy's Rebellion

(Continued from page 17)

out of the school. That made me think a good many people might feel like that. If any one had seen the article and had said it was unprintable, I might have been upset enough to stop it. I'm ashamed now to think how even that printer's opinion set me up. Friday night when we went home to dinner, the thing was printed and ready for mailing. It was too late to change it then.

It was that same night that we found Brook Carrington out at the house. Mr. Carrington is the man who had the camp at Heron Lake, which is told about in the book my friend calls "Sandsy Himself." All the fellows are strong for Brook Carrington. He's keen! We had not seen him for a long time because the summer before this, Larry and I had been up at my father's new place in the country instead of at camp. It was there we fellows made the moving picture which is told about in "Sandsy Puts It Over."

MR. CARRINGTON was at our house when we got home. When we saw him walking out on the lawn with Spin (Spin's my collie, you know) Larry just let out a whoop, and ran for Mr. Carrington. And I was just as glad to see him as Larry was. Spin had already made him welcome, apparently, but when Larry and I came, that collie ran circles around us and yipped and jumped all over us, as if he was so glad to have us all together again it was driving him crazy.

Mr. Carrington was just the same as always. He's a giant of a fellow, six feet, one inch, well built, and always about the color of bronze. I guess the tan never comes off him, he gets it on so deep in the summer. And he always looks so clean—as if he's just had a scrub, and was freshly shaved. He has white teeth, and his eyes are as blue as Heron Lake in the sun, and they look at you always with a keen sort of searching, teasing, funning, understanding way. You're never afraid he will pry into your business, but you know he gets what's going on—sometimes he knows what you are thinking about in a way that almost scares you. But he is always

your friend. Believe me, he's one of Dad's friends, too. Dad says he's a young man in a thousand; and from my Dad that means a lot.

Mr. Carrington said he had had to come down to Flushing anyway, so he ran over to see us, because he had an invitation to give us for tomorrow. Of course we were keen to know what he meant, for anything he plans is likely to be good. He said he was going to see Will Rock the next day, and wanted to take us along. And boy! but we were interested. Will Rock is the great stage and moving picture star, famous as the funniest clown and the cleverest athlete in the business. He had a great show on Broadway, where he was playing what everybody said was the cleverest thing he had ever done. But Brook Carrington wasn't just taking us to a show. He said we were going to call on Will Rock in his dressing room and see the show from behind the scenes.

I was surprised no end. I'd never seen anything like that, and it seemed a wonderful chance. Mr. Carrington told us that he and Will Rock had been friends for a long time; that he had told Will Rock about Larry and me; and Will Rock had invited us to come to the show.

"Will has something special to say to you," Mr. Carrington said.

"Something to say to *us*!" echoed Larry.

"Yes."

"Well, say! What do you mean? How could he? He doesn't know us."

"Oh, yes, he does," Mr. Carrington answered.

Of course that seemed just a joke. But it made things all the more interesting. Thinking about seeing a big stage show from behind scenes made me forget, for the time, all about our troubles at school and about the stuff we'd printed in the *Hazelnut*. When Mr. Carrington stayed to dinner with us we talked mostly about all the things he'd known Will Rock to do, all the stunts in his shows, and the funny things he did and said. Mr. Carrington said it was Will Rock's business to make the world laugh, and that he did it better than almost anybody else.

"He's one of the finest fellows in the world," Brook Carrington said.

MR. CARRINGTON told us about being out on a ranch with Rock one summer and seeing him ride and throw the lariat. He said he had seen Rock rope four horses at once. He'd seen him ride the worst kind of bucking broncos. And shoot! Boy! he could split a bullet on a knife blade as far as he could see it. He could do all sorts of things. He was brought up in the circus, Mr. Carrington said. He made flying leaps over seven elephants at a time, and things like that. He could walk the slack wire—a telegraph wire, Mr. Carrington said, if it was strong enough. He danced eccentric dances and walked on his hands as if they were another pair of feet.

"Oh, man!" said Larry. "Does he do all these things in the show?"

"I'm not telling you what he does in the show," Mr. Carrington answered, "but he does things you wouldn't believe unless you saw them."

That was enough to make us sure we had a big treat ahead of us. Mr. Carrington added a lot to it when he said: "But I want you to know Will Rock for another reason. You'll find him worth knowing for a better reason than because he is famous and funny and clever beyond words."

"Why?" I asked him.

"That's something else I won't tell you now. You will find it out when you see him."

It seems queer, but I hadn't even thought of the trouble at school after we found Mr. Carrington at the house. Suddenly now I remembered; and the memory came back like something that grabbed hold of me inside, right under the heart. I was excited and enthusiastic about seeing a big show "from behind," as they call it, when the thought of Pryor and what I had printed about him in the Hazelnut came back. I realized then that I was in the midst of trouble, that I had done something I couldn't undo, and that it was some-

thing for which I had to answer.

It was not that I suddenly thought I was wrong, only I realized that the fun of seeing Will Rock was half spoiled by something hanging over me that wasn't pleasant. I didn't like to think I was afraid to face a scrap and that just a clash with some one else could scare me. But I remembered all at once a thing Dad often says, that "fear is always an evidence of guilt." That is, that when you find yourself scared about a thing you have to face, it's a sign you're in the wrong, somehow. That gave me a jolt. I certainly was not ready to admit that the trouble with Pryor was my fault. I'll say I wasn't! And I wouldn't say he had me scared; but I was uneasy. I guess I was afraid that I was scared.

It was hardly a minute after I began to think about it that Brook Carrington was looking at me with his keen eyes. And he didn't hesitate to show that he saw something was on my mind.

"What's the matter, old top?" he asked me.

Of course Larry knew the moment he spoke. And if my face looked anything

like Larry's at the recollection of our mess, I'm not amazed that Mr. Carrington got it.

There wasn't anything for it but to tell the thing then. I was not sorry, either. And Larry joined in as soon as I started. We told him the whole tale of woe just as I would have set it out for Dad. And when we'd finished with a little dress rehearsal of what I had printed in the well-known Hazelnut, the queer thing about it was that I felt as if I'd got something off my chest. I wouldn't have owned it—but I'm trying to tell what this was really like to me and not just what I would like to have you think it was. Before I get through, you'll see that I am no little tin hero with medals that say, "as a token of—" and all that. I felt like a kid who has owned up to lying. I was ashamed of being such a kid, but glad I had eased out from under the thing. So would you have been, if you'd been in my Keds.



Brook Carrington

"The paper comes out tomorrow?" Mr. Carrington asked.

"Yes," we told him. "It's in the post office tonight."

He nodded. "Then you've no more time to think it over before you shoot," he said.

"Do you think I shouldn't have done it?"

"What difference does that make?" he asked me.

"A lot," I said.

"Oh, no, it doesn't," he answered. "It's what *you* think that counts."

"Not what Pryor thinks, then?"

"What Mr. Pryor thinks matters to Mr. Pryor."

"You mean the only thing that matters about what I do is what I think about it?"

"Of course."

"Humph!" Larry said. "Then nothing is bad but what I think is!"

"A certain man with a reputation for wisdom said that before you, Larry: 'There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.'"

"I know. Shakespeare. We had it in school; but I thought——"

"Now get this—it has to be what you really think. How often do you stop to find out what you really think?"

"Why, I always know what I think."

"Oh, you do, do you? Then you've got something on most of the thinkers with the highest batting average."

I remember how he talked about that because I'd heard some of that stuff before.

"You mean we mostly kid ourselves, then?" asked Larry.

"Mostly," Mr. Carrington said.

It sounded as if he thought I had made a fool of myself and took this way of telling me so. But I thought, if I had been kidding myself I didn't know it, though that wasn't anything to feel flattered about. Larry was thinking about the same thing, for he said:

"Well, how do you know when you really think, and when you only kid yourself?"

BROOK Carrington didn't answer right away. After a minute he took something out of his pocket and laid it on the table. It was two coins; and as soon as I saw them I knew they were Chinese. I used to have a coin collection and I

had a Chinese one—till I sold them.

"Did you ever see one of these?" Mr. Carrington asked us.

I told him I'd had one.

"Did you learn how to use it?"

"Use it? For what?"

He took one and held it up. You probably know what they look like. They're made of brass, I think, with Chinese characters on them, and these characters are usually worn bright against the dark background that's probably dirt. There is a square hole in the center. That coin Mr. Carrington held up was about as big as a quarter, and the hole was about as wide as my little finger nail.

Larry had never seen one. "What is it?" he asked.

"They're Chinese coins," Mr. Carrington said. "Money."

"What are the holes for?" Larry asked.

Mr. Carrington grinned a little. "The Chinese are an old and very wise people, Larry," he answered him. "Perhaps they wanted to symbolize the deceitfulness of riches and their ability to see through the fraud." (I got him to repeat that for me while I wrote it down here.)

He held up the Chinese coin and looked through it at us.

"Is it really good money?" Larry asked, reaching for one.

"It's valuable," Brook Carrington said.

"Is it old?"

"Yes, but that is not the reason it's valuable. It has a peculiar property that, if understood, makes it beyond price to the man who owns it."

We were all interest again. I thought he had a surprise up his sleeve for us, by the way he was smiling, but I was more than surprised by what he said.

"If you have one of these coins and will use it right, you can always know whether or not you are kidding yourself."

"*You're kidding us!*"

"I don't ask you to believe me. You can test it for yourself."

"How?"

"Would you like to know when you are deceiving yourself and when you are thinking true?"

"Of course," I said.

"Then I'll give you each a coin. Use it as I tell you, and you will be surprised."

"What will it get me?" Larry asked, grinning. "Why shouldn't I kid myself?"

"I once knew a half back who kidded himself that he could play the game alone," Mr. Carrington said. "I knew a chauffeur who kidded himself that he could beat the train to the crossing. I knew a chap who kidded himself that he could pick up a live wire with his pliers."

"What happened to them?" Larry asked.

"Do I have to tell you?" Brook Carrington answered.

Chapter III



"OH, BOY!" Larry had one of the coins in his hand. "Do you look through it and see all the wisdom of the ancients?"

"You see your own."

"What? My what?"

"Your own wisdom."

"Who? Me?"

"Yes. Even you."

"Let me get this," Larry said. "You mean this little Chink piece here can keep me from ever being a fool?"

"If you use it right."

"About anything?"

"About anything. People are fools only when they choose to be."

He had us going. We just stared at him.

"What is wisdom?" asked Mr. Carrington.

"Knowing everything," Larry said.

"You might know the way into the house, but not be wise enough to come in when it rains."

"Oh," Larry said; "it's horse sense—then?"

"What is horse sense?"

"Oh—knowing what's what."

"What is what?"

"Humph! Well, say!"

"Do you know what you mean?"

"Yes—but I can't say it."

"Try."

"Horse sense means—seeing what's good for you."

"You try, Bob," Brook Carrington said, turning on me.

For a minute I didn't know what to say. Funny how you can think you know just what a word means, and yet can't tell.

"Horse sense is common sense."

"Well, what's that?"

"Ordinary, every day sense."

"What's that?"

"Why, what everybody has."

"Oh—*everybody*?"

"I mean, what everybody ought to have—judgment."

"Ha! There's a word! But what is judgment?"

I WAS getting careful. I've always liked that sort of questions about words, and it interested me to tell exactly what I meant, but I could see there was something back of this.

"Judgment is—choosing which is the better—of two things."

"What do you mean by 'better'?"

"Why—" I began, but didn't get anywhere.

"Good, better, best," said Larry.

"Judgment is picking out the best."

"Picking the good from the bad," I said.

"Oh!" said Mr. Carrington. "Then wisdom is picking the good, is it?"

"I should think it would be *knowing* what's good."

"Yes. You can know it without picking it. I've kicked myself for letting good ones go by," said Larry.

Brook Carrington nodded. "Knowledge isn't wisdom," he said.

"Well—what has the Chink piece got to do with it?"

"It gives you wisdom, horse sense, judgment, the hunch."

"Humph!" Larry grunted.

"What do you call this coin?" I asked.

"The Chinaman who gave them to me called it a 'Look-see.'"

"Ho! Lucky piece!" crowed Larry.

"The lucky Look-see!"

"If you'll let it, it will make you lucky."

"Let it! What's the joke?"

"It's no joke."

"How do you use it then? Put me wise. I'm needing some luck right now, for a lot of things."

(More next month)

For Wayfarers

Paths of kindness are paved with happiness.—*The Roycrofters.*



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS PHOTO

In the Night

By Darraġh Aldrich

NIGHT shepherded all my little thought sheep
And gathered them into the fold—
They were all very weary and longing for sleep
But one would not do as 'twas told.

The good little sheep cuddled down for the night
With obedient drowse in their bleat—
But a bad little lamb with his eyes very bright
Was planted foursquare on his feet!

One spoke in the darkness—a Voice all sheep know—
“Is My sheepfold so full of alarms?
Come, poor little lamb”—the Master spoke low,
“I will lull you to sleep in My arms!”

—*Weekly Unity.*

An Apartment for Della

(Continued from page 9)

tried to push it off as lightly as the other girls did. But the thought persisted.

The last week of the month always was a quiet one with the girls. They were all free spenders, and all awaited pay day with eagerness. On that day they repaid, or were paid, the little sums they had borrowed to tide them over.

"I'll pay you on the first," Della promised, reddening a little. "Eleanor and I have exhausted our budget——"

Eleanor was saying about the same to another girl. They had to have a certain sum for bare necessities. But there was nothing for extras. A quiet time loomed ahead. Della moved restlessly. It was not like the quiet times she had known at home. Peaceful evenings together, all in perfect accord.

"Eleanor's grouchy when she can't go out," she thought, "and I don't feel any too pleasant myself. There's nothing to do in this poky place. I can't even make a batch of candy. If I do we'll be short of sugar for our coffee."

They squabbled a little toward the end of those last strenuous days, half in jest and wholly in earnest. Eleanor missed the going out. Della was concerned about the visit soon to be made. She could see the worn place in the rug at home, the many things that were wanting.

"Eleanor's so up to date," she worried. "I don't know what she'll think of things at home. Mother with her long hair and no powder! She'll make remarks. She'll tell all the girls. I wish I were going alone. I'm sorry I asked her. She won't enjoy it——"

THE first came around at last—"the glorious first," as the girls called it. All the little sums were repaid, all the little extravagances begun again. Every one was bright and happy. There was a different atmosphere.

"Sure good to feel ritzy again!" they laughed to each other.

Della did not share the general merri-ment. She was quieter than usual.

"What's the matter, Dell?" they asked.

But Della did not say. Two more days and the home going came. She could think of nothing else. Thoughts of what Eleanor would think were with her continually. She half hoped that she



—gathering Della into
her arms . . . Eleanor,
too.

would change her mind about going, now that the old pleasures were to be had again.

"What about the Sticks, Eleanor?" she asked. "Still want to try it? You'd have more fun here, of course——"

Eleanor was very positive that she still intended to go.

"I'm quite looking forward to it," she said in her languid, sophisticated way.

Della braced herself for what was to come. She thought of harum-scarum Ted and the many things that he was likely to do to mortify her. Of her mother with hair too long and skirts with the same fault. Of her father's grace before meals. Of all the things that went to the making of a home, that would seem strange to Eleanor's critical young eyes. A fierce loyalty rose up in her as she thought that Eleanor might mock at the home folks, the dear home customs.

"I wish she weren't coming," she thought for the hundredth time. "I'd like to talk it all over with Mother alone. I can explain things better, make her see how much more convenient the city is."

But Eleanor intended to go on that journey if it was to be taken. Della saw that, when Saturday came around. Eleanor dressed for her trip before they went to the office.

"Then we won't have to waste time coming back here to get dressed," she said.

Della followed her example, sighing a little. There was to be no escape.

SATURDAY mornings were wont to be long, more hours packed into them than belonged in any forenoon. But this time the hours seemed winged. It was noontime before they knew it. They got hats and coats from the locker room.

"Let's just get a sundae, or ice cream soda," suggested Eleanor. "That'll hold us till time for supper—you call it supper, don't you?"

It irritated Della almost to the point of refusing company on the trip. They did call it supper, for the matter of that. But whose business was that? Her lips were closed in a tight little line to keep back the inhospitable words.

The trip, once too long, was now far too short. It seemed no time before they were at the gate, the door. And there

was Mrs. Baldwin, smiling a welcome at them, gathering Della into her arms, then reaching out and encircling Eleanor, too. Della stole a glance to see how Eleanor took that—and surprised her with a trembling lip.

"Come right out in the kitchen, girls," Mrs. Baldwin invited. "I know what sketchy lunches young people eat if they're left to themselves. So I've kept you something hot."

"We're like bears," Eleanor declared frankly. "We wouldn't waste time on eating, but we didn't expect you to bother with us at this hour. We were going to wait till supper."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Baldwin.

DELLA had wondered about how she would amuse Eleanor. But she found that she did not have to bother about that. She took her to see the pets, the garden. That was all that she had to offer.

"Would you like to take a walk?" she asked. "There's a lovely view from the top of the hill."

Eleanor did not hesitate a minute.

"If you want to know what I'd really like to do," she said, "I'd like to stay around and watch your mother. We could help her a bit, too."

It was strange to see the sophisticated Eleanor in the kitchen, a big apron over her flimsy dress, peeling potatoes, shelling peas. Stranger still to see her at the dinner table, her head bent as Mr. Baldwin said grace. Della could scarcely believe her eyes. She had fancied that Eleanor would scoff, if not openly, at least by her expression.

Then came the quiet evening at which she should have been bored. But she did not seem so. She sat quietly, listening to the music, joining in as if she were one of them when they all sang together. She talked to the mother in a voice Della never had known.

"Why, she likes it!" she thought to herself. "Eleanor really likes it."

But when Eleanor followed Della to the little room she was to share with her, Della's eyes saw all the deficiencies she would have to apologize for—the bare floor and homemade rugs; the darned curtains, the old-fashioned quilt.

"What a pretty room!" cried Eleanor. The color flooded Della's cheek.

(Turn to page 33)

Pros and Cons

Here the Reader Has His Say

V. G. takes exception to a statement in *Youth* that we always get back good in return for the good we do. He presents some interesting arguments. We wonder what other *Youth* readers will think of them. He says:

"Almost anyone can recall having seen a person or animal bite back when being helped by a thoroughly loving but not too intelligent person. Love must be joined with wisdom or it may go amiss.

"One must take into consideration the state of mind of the person or thing he desires to help. A meta-physician should treat for any necessary adjustment while doing a good deed, but therein lies the need of wisdom.

"Mothers have loved sons to distraction, only to be treated with contempt, if not with blows. What was wrong? Just lack of a little common sense (wisdom) in rearing the lad.

"Did you ever try to save a drowning person?

Do not tell me of some isolated case where only love was used, but take the average case of a drowning person. It takes a little intelligence (wisdom) as well as the desire to do a good deed (love)."

He also comments on our answer to L. B., in regard to killing small animals that are destructive:

"That is a problem of which thousands of people would like the solution. We have had some interesting experiences. Our garage is attached to our house. Mice took possession, even making a nest under the back seat of the car. My first

thought was destruction, so I bought three mousetraps and set them in convenient places. I am sure there were only a few mice to begin with, but the more I caught the more I had. I caught three every night for ten nights. My wife then said: 'Do you expect to get rid of them in that way?'

"Then I remembered that if one wants to get rid of trouble the thing to do is

to free his mind of destructive, resistant thoughts, replacing them with love and blessing. So I put the traps on a shelf and blessed the mice. I have not seen one in the garage for a year, although an old boiler room less than fifty feet away is a mouse house, and a storage place for grain less than one hundred yards in the other direction has its legions.

"More than five years ago we had a battle with ants. They were everywhere in our house. We even stood the cupboard legs in cans of coal oil to

keep the ants out of the food. Then we came to ourselves, blessed the ants, and even scattered nice chocolate cake crumbs on the ground outside the house near the ant holes. From that day to this we have had no ants in our house.

"Some one may ask: 'Will that work with ground squirrels and gophers?' I do not know—try it!"

He likes "the stories in *Youth* that bring out fair play, love, good will, and the like. The first installment of 'The Four Mistakes' and 'The Trap' and 'For the Cup' are fine, but such bunk as 'Brink' is not uplifting in any sense."

The Prayer of Faith

GOD is my help in every need;
God does my every hunger
feed;

God walks beside me, guides my
way
Through every moment of the
day.

I now am wise, I now am true,
Patient, kind, and loving, too.
All things I am, can do, and be,
Through Christ, the Truth that
is in me.

God is my health, I can't be sick;
God is my strength, unfailing,
quick;

God is my all; I know no fear,
Since God and love and Truth
are here.

—Hannah More Kohaus.

From the "Alien Sea"

Isle of Cyprus—We have received four of your publications, namely: *Lessons in Truth*, *Daily Word*, *Weekly Unity*, and *Youth*, and in the name of my school I wish to express our thankfulness and gratitude . . . we all are interested in the happy and interesting stories from our dear periodical, *Youth*, and we feel the obligation to dispatch you a sheaf of hearty thanks, as we recognize that our dear Modern School moves only in the direction of truth and love as taught by your beneficent Unity School.—D. G.

Prayer Helps

Wash.—On "Your Own Page," one girl told how she got her lessons by saying "The Prayer of Faith" before she went to bed and again when she awakened in the morning; how before she studied she would say this verse: "God loves me, and approves of what I do. He works in and through me with love, understanding, and efficiency." I followed her message and improved greatly.—H. E. Y.

14, 15, 16, 43!

New Jersey—Do young people like *Youth*? Here are some comments from a niece to whom I sent it:

Sept. 17. "Thanks for the magazine you sent. I like it very much." (Referring to a single copy of *Youth* which I sent as a "feeler.")

Oct. 15. "I received *Youth* magazine today. Last week I received a folder announcing that you were sending me a gift subscription. You cannot imagine how surprised I was. I shall take *Youth* to school with me, and read it in the study hall. Thank you very, very much."

Nov. 18. "The December *Youth* came Friday. I think *Youth* prints the best stories! Thanks again."

Another young friend, sixteen, writes me: "Thank you for the magazine, *Youth*. It is very interesting. I like to read it." A third young friend, fourteen, writes, "I love *Youth*; wish it came every week instead of monthly."

Youth is a welcome visitor to me, so I want to share it with others. Me?—forty-three!—Mrs. C. W.

Improves the View

Missouri—Words cannot express how much good *Youth* has done for me. When-

ever I feel discouraged or puzzled I read my *Youth*. Then everything turns out right, for after all when things appear to turn out wrong we are only looking on the wrong side of life.—A. G.

A Father Writes

Texas—Not until a few days ago had I realized the influence of *Youth* as I came to know that my daughter, seventeen, had been writing to *Youth* at intervals. She had become so fascinated with novels of the movie type that she neglected her duties about the home. She began reading *Youth* from the first issue. I am glad to know that *Youth* is a novel so striking in Truth and love, that it is revolutionizing her life. As a parent among thousands wherever *Youth* is known, I bid *Youth* Godspeed. It has a mission in this world. It is a Godsend to boys and girls of high school age.—F. V. S.

Through College on Faith

Florida—Last year I sent a subscription of *Youth* and *Weekly Unity* to my sister at college. While home this summer, sister told me how much she and other girls had enjoyed reading the magazines, also that none of the other girls at college had ever seen *Youth* before. But the most wonderful thing of all is the demonstration she is making in going through college. Sometimes I wonder (when I forget about the great abundance for every one) just how she is going to get the many things she needs—when from the strangest, most unthought of places and people comes just what she needed, and so often much better than she would even have asked for. It is quite the most interesting thing I have ever done—putting a sister through college on faith, alone.—P. W.

Have not Failed

Alabama—You haven't failed in your ambitions for *Youth*. *Youth* is the best magazine that I have ever read. If you could have seen me laugh at some of the jokes, you could understand how I love your magazine. It is wonderful to feel that some one really understands. If I get blue I get out an old copy of *Youth* and read it. Then I am ready to start life over again.—E. W.

Mousetraps and Hyacinths

By Wright Field

ON EASTER morning my daughter found a beautiful white hyacinth sturdily blooming under a plank in the back yard. It was a lovely thing, with many little white waxen bells like tiny Easter lilies, and with an entrancing kindred odor.

With loving care she rescued it from its obscure position and gave it the place of honor in her Easter costume. People remarked upon her beautiful flower. Today, in a vase, it fills my whole room with its lovely, penetrating fragrance.

Are you, like this little Easter flower, trying to bloom under a handicap, with the sunshine of life shut out, its blue sky almost hidden from sight, and with apparently no one to see or appreciate your efforts? Is your light also 'hidden under a bushel'? Do you sometimes feel that effort is not worth while?

Never mind, now, about what is to come your way. Your only care is to bestow your whole attention upon what you are giving out! Your trouble may be that you are so occupied with looking toward the reward that for the moment you do not give your best attention to your work—and your work suffers, so that the reward is farther away than ever!

So put your whole mind, your whole soul, and your whole heart into giving and for a little time forget all about receiving. If you will go right on doing your best where you are, sooner or later some one will come along to help you and to bring you into the sunshine. I think maybe the little white hyacinth came into bloom earlier and in lovelier fashion than many of its sisters just because of the board that, in the beginning, presented such a handicap. Thus a seeming adversity sometimes causes our soul, in the effort it makes to overcome the handicap, to develop our talent more rapidly and to make of it a greater talent than otherwise it would become!

Remember the saying that if a man makes a better mousetrap than his fellows make, the world will beat a path to his door?

It is even so. I would be willing to guarantee that if you can do any one needful or beautiful thing excellently, and if you will continue to do it a little better day by day and to keep your dream true, your hope keyed to the right pitch of expectancy, sooner or later the way will open for you to express, and you will have an audience and a remuneration far surpassing your present desire.

If, like the wise little hyacinth, you are trying to bloom in the dark, do your level best, whether or not there is apparently any one to know or care. Let every petal of your nature unfold and shine before your Creator with a soft satin sheen, let your lovely penetrating fragrance of character radiate, and know (even though you may be in a dungeon, or on an isolated mountain top tending a flock of sheep) that you will have your recognition, your reward! Just *trust* with all your might (not passively, but actively, which means with a high purpose steadfastly held, a clear vision of what you want and expect, and an absolute refusal to doubt or to fear), and some day you—even you, in your seemingly humble place—will be chosen to shine right out where you will be seen and appreciated by your fellows!

You cannot help drawing to yourself appreciation commensurate with your worth, if you continue steadfastly, enthusiastically, to send out, to radiate the right thought. Remember that every thought, every feeling sent out brings a like return in some way. Another thing worth meditating upon is this truth: that thinking, "Oh, well, it really isn't worth while to do my best!" is a state of mind in which you will not do your best, nor anything near it; and if you do not do your best, you will have no way of knowing what that best might have brought you, had you been faithful and persistent in giving it forth.

If you swam just a little, feebly, you would not expect to get anywhere, even in still water, would you? You would at best float aimlessly, merely keeping your head above water and if the current became a little rough and strong

you would be borne farther and farther away from your goal. When you want to reach some point, what do you do? You swim toward it with all your might!

Whatever you are doing to express yourself, do it with all your might, regardless of whether any one at the present moment appreciates your efforts or not, regardless, too, of whether or not you have an audience. That is the way to get an audience. Did you ever watch a "soap box orator" mount his pedestal? Maybe there were only three people at first to listen to his exposition of the merits of what he was there to advertise. Did he talk faintly, gesture weakly, since there were so few to hear him? Indeed not! He put his whole soul into his voice and gestures and, drawn to see what it was all about, the audience grew and soon a crowd surrounded him. His own enthusiasm had its effect: it fired the passers-by with curiosity and drew to him what he wanted, plenty of listeners.

The little hyacinth under the board just bloomed with all its might; it was not concerned about being appreciated. Had it waited to bloom until it was brought out where it could be appreciated, it would have been left under the board, and it would never have bloomed at all. It had but one object, and it had attained that object before its discovery.

What was that object? To please people? To win applause? To outdo its

fellows? No, simply to express its inmost being in terms of beauty.

If you express the highest and best that is in you, you are accomplishing all that is necessary. If you go right on expressing only the highest and the best, you can leave the rest with absolute safety to the Power that coöperates with every one who calls upon and is willing to coöperate with it. All you have to do is to watch for the divine leading, and to follow it when it comes.

If, on the contrary, you are fearful, or timid, or lazy, if you fail to express with all your might what is in you, through fear of what people will say, or through fear that no one will appreciate you, or merely through lack of energy to do that which at the moment seems unrewarded, then you will fail to radiate the good you desire. You will never keep in your life anything that you yourself fail to radiate.

The sure way to attract is to radiate. The sure way to radiate anything is to be inwardly on fire with that thing—whether it be love, or beauty, or joy, or healing, or any of the beautiful and desirable things of life. Kindle the fire within you, let the breath of the Almighty blow upon it, nourish the little flame, keep it alive and glowing with the ever-accessible fuel of your imagination, and know that in the fullness of time all that is your own will be drawn toward that beacon.

An Apartment for Della

(Concluded from page 29)

"Don't try to turn it off like that, Eleanor," she said. "It's awful. The whole house is. After the lovely, convenient apartment, I know just what you must think."

"If I hadn't heard you say that myself," said Eleanor, "I'd pay you the compliment not to believe you had said it. What's the matter with you, anyhow? What do things matter? The whole place says peace and love and home. Your home is lovely. I have none myself."

"Well," Della argued, "you have—we have—that lovely apartment, in walking

distance and everything. All the girls say one's a goof to stay at home, and——"

"They don't mean it. They're like little boys whistling in the dark. There aren't many who wouldn't love a home like this."

"Of course I love it," said Della, "but it's so far out."

"It wouldn't be far for two. Do you think, Della, that your mother'd let us both come—home to stay?"

"I—I wrote her last week that I was coming," confessed Della. "But two of us! Mother'll be so glad."

The Tenth Man

A Golfer Finds That Prayer Improves His Game

When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people. Address your letter to Editor of Youth Magazine. Please sign your letter; we shall not print your name unless you request it.

THE golf club to which I belong was preparing for their annual tournament. I had been playing golf but a year or so and had never been able to practice as much as I should have done, so I was not known as a brilliant golfer, or as one that had even an outside chance to win the tournament.

In this case, as it is in so many similar cases, I found my first opponent to be a player who was considered a sure finalist.

As we were teeing up for the start of our twenty-seven hole match, I thought: "How foolish for me to play this match. I haven't a chance to go even eighteen holes with this fellow."

He drove first, far down the fairway, a beautiful drive. As I teed my ball I prayed to the Father: "I know I am not considered a good golfer; but I want to be a good golfer today. Not that I want to win, but I want this fellow to feel as though he has been in a game. I want to give him competition. I will give him competition!"

At the end of the first nine holes he led three up. At the end of eighteen

I led three up. I had shot the course in one over par, and unheard of thing for me. At the twenty-sixth hole we were tied. Although I lost the last hole and finished loser one up, my prayer had been answered. And as I received much praise from the other golfers for my good playing, I in turn gave the credit to God, who answers a righteous prayer whether in the sport, social, or business world.—C. T.

RIGHT thinking improves our score in any game we play. Such thoughts as the class thoughts held by Silent Unity each month help to establish a victorious attitude of mind that will make for success in everything we do. The class thoughts for the month from March 20 to April 19 are:

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," so I, the son of man in Christ, am lifted up and prospered.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," so I, the son of man in Christ, am lifted up and healed.

A Shining Presence

"INTO the editorial department came a shining presence, that made everybody look up and smile." That is the logical beginning for an article about the woman who, with her husband, Charles Fillmore, founded Unity School. You will find inspiration in the interview with, and picture of her. They appear as a feature of April *Youth* under the title,

A Visit and a Message from
Myrtle Fillmore



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO

Playing the Game

WHETHER playing basket ball, football, tennis, or the most interesting game of all, the game of life, *Lessons in Truth* will help you to play it better.

In all kinds of games we hear the term, "clean sportsmanship," which is another way of saying "Truth sportsmanship." "Clean," when applied to sports means fair play, courage, loyalty, and generosity—and all these are Truth elements.

Lessons in Truth teaches the principles of clean sportsmanship that every one admires. It is a book that you will use all your life. It will never grow old. Now is the time for you to send for *Lessons in Truth* so that you can have the benefits of its teachings for your "game of life." Cloth bound and gold stamped, it is an attractive and dignified volume as well as a most useful one.

Price, \$1

Unity School of Christianity

917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

Q. E. D.

To Prove: *Youth* magazine is the ideal Easter gift.

Given:

1. The ideal Easter gift expresses the spirit of Easter time.

Corollary: John 11:25,
"I am the resurrection
and the life."

2. *Youth* magazine expresses
the spirit of new life.

Conclusions:

1. The spirit of Easter time is
the spirit of new life.

2. The spirit of *Youth* maga-
zine is the spirit of Easter time.

Corollary: Any copy
of *Youth* magazine.

Axiom: Things equal to the same things are equal to each other.

∴ *Youth* magazine is the ideal Easter gift.

Q. E. D.

A convenient method of giving Unity gifts is by means of the Prosperity Bank Plan. The blank form below is for your convenience.

Unity School of Christianity,
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

Please give me special prayers for increased prosperity and send me a Prosperity Bank. I will use daily the prosperity statement that you send me and will work with you to set in action within myself the laws governing my prosperity. I will save \$3 to pay for the magazine, *Youth*, to be sent for eight months to each of the persons named below, and will send this amount to you within ten weeks after receipt of my Bank.

1. Name

Address

City State

2. Name

Address

City State

3. Name

Address

City State

(This offer does not include *Youth* for the sender unless his name is listed above as one of the three.)

Name of Sender

Address

City State